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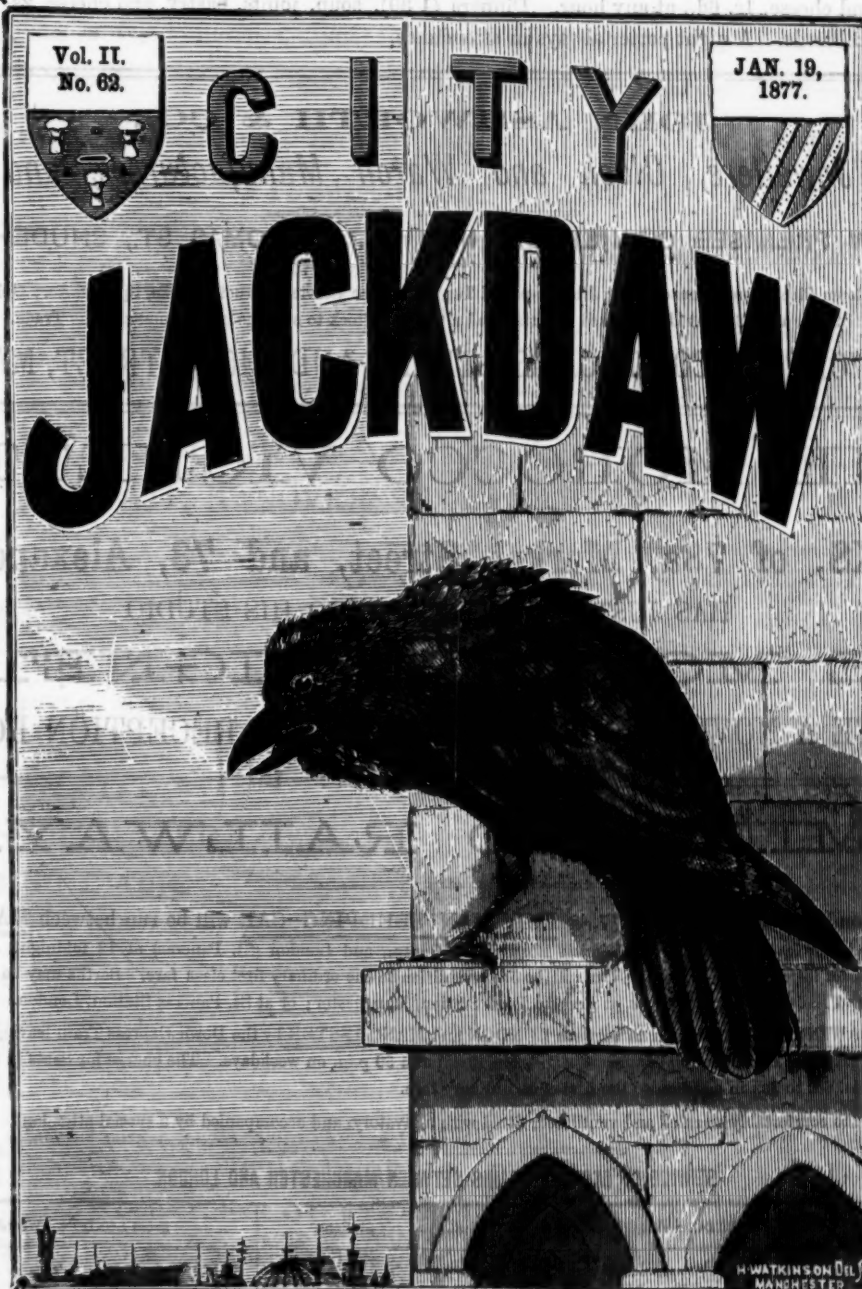
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ON and after Monday, January 1st, 1877, a **PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR** will be run between **MANCHESTER** and **LONDON** by the trains leaving Manchester (London Road) at 11 30 p.m., and London (St. Pancras) at 12 midnight, every night (Sundays excepted). The charge for a Berth in the Sleeping Car will be 5s. in addition to the ordinary first-class fare. Berths may be secured in advance on application at the Midland Railway Booking Offices, at London Road Station, Manchester; or at St. Pancras Station, London.

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	Exp. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	Exp.* p.m.	Exp.† p.m.			Fast. a.m.	Exp.* a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp.† p.m.	p.m.	
Manchester:— London Road....dep.	7 0	9 50	11 35	1 0	3 35	4 50	11 30	4 50	London:— Moorgate-street...dep.	5 15	9 57	11 41	2 56	4 40	11 40	2 56	
London:— St. Pancras.....arr.	11 50	2 55	4 15	6 15	8 40	9 50	5 15	10 5	St. Pancras....."	10 0	2 50	5 0	8 15	5 0	13 0	2 50	
Moorgate-street..."	12 7	3 8	4 32	6 31	8 57	10 2	Manchester:— London Road....arr.	10 0	2 50	5 0	8 10	9 45	5 10	8 0	

* Pullman Drawing-room Car. † Pullman Sleeping Car. Third-class tickets are issued by all trains.

Derby, December, 1876.

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WE reply yes, by combining two systems, not otherwise. After five years' experience, with continual trials, our PATENT MECHANICAL STOKER, of which there are 1250 at work, has proved itself economical; and since the prevention of smoke has become of importance, we have introduced by far the most simple, durable, and easily-worked self-cleaning bars in existence.

For £65 we supply these bars, with hopper to put the coal in, forming a perfectly simple and smoke-preventing self-acting furnace.

But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

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ESTABLISHED 1810.

EASE, Comfort, Cleanliness, Adaptation to Form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy are all attained to perfection in the "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

Which is confidently recommended as the best Spring Mattress before the public. It is made to fit any size of wood or iron bedstead, and constitutes a wonderfully elastic and comfortable bed, perfectly noiseless in all its movements; it is extremely simple, and does not get out of order, nor does it corrode; is very durable, and combines great strength with lightness and elegance; is easily repaired by any person, articles needed can be sent through the post. The principle of construction prevents depression in the centre, and insures complete isolation where two occupy a bed. Only a thin hair mattress being necessary, feather beds, cumbersome straw and sick palliasses are dispensed with; cost of bedding is much reduced, and bed-making becomes far less laborious; sweetness and purity—conditions so essential to health—result from the change. From a sanitary point of view its advantages are obvious and undeniable, and have led to its being largely used in infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums. Made as a camp bed it is peculiarly applicable for use as an additional bed in sick rooms, instead of a couch during convalescence, and as an occasional bed for visitors; the legs being folded under and the head-board removed, it takes up little room when stowed away. Circulars and price lists sent. Retail from cabinet makers and furnishers; wholesale from

CHORLTON & DUGDALE,
76, HIGHER ORMOND STREET, MANCHESTER.

ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.

ANNUAL TEA PARTY

IN
ST. ANN'S SCHOOLROOM,
THIS EVENING (FRIDAY), JANUARY 19TH.

HUGH BIRLEY, ESQ., M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

An ADDRESS by the Rev. Dr. CLARKE,
Subject: "Life on board a Man-of-War."

Recitations in the Finger and Sign Language.

EXHIBITION OF DISSOLVING VIEWS BY MR. J. W. CUMMINGS,
Entitled "Scenes in many Lands."

Tea at six o'clock. Tickets, 1s. 6d. each, to be had of Mr. Roworth, St. Ann's-square; Mr. Hale, Cross-street; or of Rev. Geo. A. W. Downing, 6, John Dalton-street.

W. HODGSON,
THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,
117, STRETTFORD ROAD,
Next to Trinity Church,

Having tried the credit system for twenty years, purposes to sell for cash at the following prices:—

BEEF.		MUTTON.	
Rounds, Ribs, and		Legs and Loins	9½d.
Shoulders	9½d.	Shoulders	8½d.
Top Ribs	8½d.	Necks	7½d.
Neck Veins	6½d.	Breasts	5½d.

IF your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker, N. HARPER, 80, Clarendon-street, Oxford-street, Manchester.

BILLIARDS.

JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

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Watches, Watches,
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Silver, from £1 to £10; Gold, from
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JOHN HARDMAN, Manager.

BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!**WRIGHT'S AMERICAN FRESH MEAT STORES***At 57, Cross Street, Albert Square, where the Finest Ox Beef will be sold at very reasonable prices.***ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.****NOTE THE ADDRESS: 57, CROSS STREET.****BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!****WRIGHT'S AMERICAN MEAT STORES****Will be OPENED TO-MORROW, Saturday, at 2, ALEXANDRA ROAD, Moss Side,**
where the Finest Ox Beef and Mutton will be sold at very reasonable prices.*A great saving will be effected. Note the address. One trial solicited.***LIBERATION SOCIETY.****A LECTURE**

WILL BE DELIVERED BY THE

Rev. D. Jones Hamer, on Tuesday, Jan. 23, in the Town Hall, King-st.,

ON

"CHURCH VERSUS ESTABLISHMENT,"*With reference to the recent Church Committee Lectures and the "Hatcham" difficulty.***CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT HALF-PAST SEVEN BY MR. COUNCILLOR JOSEPH THOMPSON, J.P.***Tickets may be had at any Liberal Club on the 16th.***COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS,****Peter Street, Manchester, Every Evening at Seven.***Grand Illuminated Performances Every Day till further notice, at which the Tycoon Troupe will appear. Doors open at Two, commence at half-past***IMMENSE RECEPTION OF THE CELESTIAL****TYCOON TROUPE OF JAPANESE,***All the Original Artistes, preceded and followed by***COOKE'S CELEBRATED EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.***The performances at the Circus during the past week have been marked with the greatest eclat, the audience at each performance being in ecstacy at the graceful and never-to-be-forgotten performances of the Celestial Japanese.**Prices, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. Children under ten years of age half-price to all parts except gallery. Half-price at a quarter to nine to stalls and boxes only. Box-office open from 11 to 3 daily. Seats reserved per letter or telegram.**C. H. REED, Box-office Book-keeper.***LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.****SLEEPING CARRIAGES Between MANCHESTER & LONDON.***Sleeping carriages are attached to the 10 55 p.m. train, Manchester (London Road) to London (Euston Station), and the 9 15 p.m. train, Euston to Manchester, both on Week-days and Sundays. The charge per berth is 5s., in addition to the first-class fare.**Berths can be secured in advance by letter or telegram, addressed to Mr. Mason, station master, Manchester, for the up journey; and Mr. Rich, station master, Euston, for the down journey.**The following is the Train Service between Manchester and London:—*

UP TRAINS.—Weekdays.												Sundays.			
Manchester	dep.	a.m.	7 45	a.m.	9 30	a.m.	9 45	a.m.	11 10	a.m.	12 0	p.m.	2 45	p.m.	4 15
Willesden Jun.	arr.	13 12	3 0	2 55	3 45	5 0	5 57	8 17	9 0	10 30	10 55	5 18	9 21	11 30	4 15
Euston	arr.	12 25	2 15	3 10	4 0	5 15	7 10	8 30	9 15	10 45	4 30*	5 30†	5 30	9 30	10 0
DOWN TRAINS.—Weekdays.												Sundays.			
Euston	dep.	5 15	7 30	9 0	10 10	11 0	12 10	2 45	3 0	4 0	5 0	9 15	5 9	10 0	10 0
Willesden Jun.	dep.	—	7 43	9 13	10 22	11 13	12 23	3 57	3 18	4 12	5 12	9 27	5 12	10 0	10 0
Manchester	arr.	10 0	12 30	2 20	3 10	4 0	5 30	7 30	8 20	8 45	9 45	2 45	10 0	10 0	10 0

* 1st and 2nd. † 3rd.

*Passengers change at Willesden Junction for Kensington, Broad St., Victoria, Waterloo, Westminster Bridge, Chelsea, and other Stations, and vice versa.**Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, London, January, 1877.***G. FINDLAY.**

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 62.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE BISHOP IN A RAGE.

IN connection with the Infirmary question we have this week to chronicle two events, one of which is of some importance, and the other does not very much matter except to the Bishop of Manchester. On Monday, at noon, the Town Hall was crowded with trustees, who had gone there to discuss the question whether, for the future, important matters affecting the institution should be discussed and settled in open meeting, or that voting papers should be sent to each trustee to elicit his or her opinion in writing. The central figure in the meeting was the Bishop of Manchester, and he presented himself before his co-trustees in a bitter temper, without, it appears to us, much or any cause for doing so. In order to understand properly the position of affairs it may be well to go back to the meeting of the 4th December in the Town Hall, at which the trustees by a majority of eleven decided to keep the Infirmary where it is. The Bishop voted with Mr. Birley, and was beaten on that occasion; but with that indefatigable spirit of attack which guides him, he in a few days presented himself before the weekly board, as the bearer of a memorial signed by himself and some thirty others, praying that the board would take steps to obtain another decision of the trustees, not in open meeting, as has been the custom for 120 years, but by means of voting papers. The Bishop thus, by his own act, proclaimed himself the "head centre" of the conspiracy to change the mode of voting, and of the movement for removing the Infirmary. Was it a crime, then, in outsiders to acknowledge that the Bishop was precisely what he had proclaimed himself to be? Mr. Maclure stated over and over again on New Year's day, at the weekly board, that he had no intention of re-opening the question of the removal of the Infirmary, and on Mr. Alderman King saying that it looked very much as if he did, considering that it was well known that he was in favour of removal, Mr. Maclure broke out into language of a somewhat intemperate character. Nobody was astonished at that. So hot and violent did he become on this point that one of the members of the board, very little addicted to the making of jokes—we believe it was Mr. E. S. Heywood—suggested that it would be more appropriate if Mr. Maclure were to finish the dispute, and smash his adversary on the Infirmary flags rather than in the Infirmary board-room. Remarks like these Mr. Maclure takes as compliments. But in any case they go to form the grounds on which Mr. Maclure won the vote of the weekly board, and to indicate in what spirit the board voted. Having won the vote, then, on such grounds, what does the very innocent Maclure do next? He goes straight to the recognised "head centre" of the movement for the removal—the Bishop himself—and asks him to move the resolution of the weekly board at the approaching meeting at the Town Hall, and then Mr. Maclure writes to the papers that the Bishop has "kindly consented to do so." We all know that stock-brokers and cotton-brokers are sworn not to deal on their own account. They take the oath, like the parsons in a non-natural sense, and they keep a partner, who is not sworn, to deal for them. The majority of the weekly board was pledged not to open the question of the site at the late meeting, so they took the Bishop into partnership, and he did it. Thereupon a short and innocent-looking letter appeared in the *Examiner*, signed "A Trustee," which simply narrated some of the above-mentioned facts, and concluded by asking the Bishop if he believed what Mr. Maclure had stated, and what the board had endorsed about the re-opening of the site question. Then, as Mr. Maclure would say, the fat was in the fire.

Let us, for the sake of clearness, take the Bishop's statements *seriatim*. He began, of course, by saying that motives had been attributed to him

which he utterly repudiated, and that "he did not hold a brief from the weekly board." That was pretty well for a beginning, considering that he held in his hand at that moment the resolution of the weekly board, and that, in fact, he was just then holding, advocating, and expounding it at their request. He next proceeded to say "he had not been consulted by, nor had he consulted, a single member of the board." Now, it was because they had consulted him, because he had voted at the Town Hall with them, because he had made two strong speeches at the weekly board advocating a renewed attempt to upset the late decision of the trustees' meeting, that he was selected by the board and by Mr. Maclure to hold their brief. The Bishop, leaving the point of holding a brief, next proceeded to deny "that he was the mouthpiece of the weekly board." Whose mouthpiece was he, then? He had "kindly consented" to speak at the request of the board, as he admitted, and how, then, could he be other than their mouthpiece, when by word of mouth he was stating their case, and when it was arranged that nobody else was to do so? The Bishop then proceeded to say with unwonted heat, almost amounting to ferocity, that the writer of the letter in the *Examiner* had stated that he (the writer) "hoped he was not more scrupulous on questions of public morality than other people." Does the Bishop profess not to have seen the covert sneer underlying these words? Yet the Bishop paraphrased it thus: "that the writer said he was not over scrupulous in matters of this sort," as if any writer would be such a fool as to make any such statement, except by way of the most pronounced sarcasm. By-and-by the point came at last. "Did the Bishop believe the statement of the majority of the weekly board, that it was not intended by this move to upset the recent decision of the trustees?" The Bishop sometimes shows prudence, and on this point he did so. He did not say he believed the statement, but he said that "it seemed to him it had been unfairly pressed beyond its proper meaning, and as going to compromise the weekly board itself." Now, the board had bound itself by its votes that no attempt was to be made to re-open the site question, and Mr. Maclure had almost gone as far as fisticuffs in defence of the assertion. After all is said, however, we believe that the Bishop was in a mistake all through. If he will re-read the letter he was almost hysterical about, he will find that there was no imputation whatever intended to be made on the course he was adopting; but if imputations were made at all they were on the weekly board, which had not told him the truth, and had withheld from him the ground on which the vote was won at the Infirmary.

At the meeting on Monday the speaking was not good, some points of the utmost importance to the discussion being passed over. After the meeting on the 4th December, the weekly board invited the mover and seconder of the amendment in favour of retaining the building on its present site to send in recommendations for the future government and continuance of the Infirmary. Messrs. Chadwick and Curtis accordingly sent in recommendations, and the board appointed a sub-committee of four members and of the medical staff to report on them. Before the report was presented the board had the indecency to re-open the whole question—a proceeding of the most discourteous kind. Did the weekly board know whom they were thus deliberately insulting? Mr. Chadwick is a partner of the firm of Messrs. J. and N. Philips, and Mr. R. N. Philips, M.P., came down from London on Monday on purpose to vote against the "brief" the Bishop held. Mr. Birley, M.P., has more than once said he wanted to know the names of those who voted on each side, because he wished to weigh their opinions—we suppose by their subscriptions. Tested by the vulgar rule Mr. Birley would have us choose, it may be

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale {Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.} Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

stated the Messrs. J. and N. Philips have contributed to the funds of the Infirmary four or five times as much as all the Birley's who ever lived. As may be supposed, a meeting of Infirmary trustees could not take place without Mr. Richard Haworth insulting a hundred or more of them. When Mr. Goldschmidt moved the second resolution, Mr. Haworth, with native delicacy, got up and said, "Don't go; perhaps this may be to induce you to go. Stop where you are." The plain inference, of course, was that Mr. Goldschmidt and the minority were trying on some unworthy dodge to snatch a vote in their favour. Will Mr. Richard Haworth never throw off the errors of his youth, and make an earnest effort to act like a gentleman? The difficulties of the weekly board of the Infirmary are just beginning. Mr. Birley, after being twice defeated in his scheme, has had a small victory as to voting. Mr. Curtis told the board that they were "not straightforward." He advised them to be more honest in future. It may be too late. Already we have heard many trustees say that they will not again subscribe until the management of the Infirmary is entirely altered.

ROASTING FOX TURNER.

SCENE I.—*Front of the Town Hall, King Street. The Bishop of MANCHESTER reading a newspaper. Bishop VAUGHAN approaches, and peeps over his shoulder.*

Bishop Vaughan. Ha, what read you, my lord?

Bishop Fraser. Words, words, words!

Bishop Vaughan. I see you do. Well, what do you think we are to do with this heretic?

Bishop Fraser. I'm afraid he's beyond conversion.

Bishop Vaughan. Well, what do you say to our roasting him—alive, of course?

Bishop Fraser. Well, though I hate to resort to such extreme measures—for they smack too much of Catholic and Protestant intolerance—I don't think there is any other course to pursue.

Bishop Vaughan. Not any. Here's Alderman Lamb; let's consult him.

Enter Alderman LAMB.

Bishop Fraser. What think you of Mr. Fox Turner's speech?

Alderman Lamb. Speech! Why, if he goes on in this way priestcraft is at an end, and your lordships might as well write letters to the newspapers for all the good they will do.

Bishop Fraser. Just what I say.

Bishop Vaughan. Just what I say, too. Holloa! here's Gadd.

Father Gadd. The world's coming to an end. Have you heard what Fox Turner says? Och! but we must all go into mourning. [*Reads.*] "He declined altogether to be trampled out by bishops. He thought it a most indecent thing on every occasion when matters were raised in that Council that letters should be read from bishops. He would not listen to any threats. He had a public duty to perform, and if all the bishops and all the aldermen of England were to protest he should still go on with the motion." Och, murder! the devil himself couldn't be worse.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Market Stall-keepers assembled in Smithfield Market. Mr.*

PAGE, superintendent of the market, arranging stake with faggots.

Stall-keeper. God bless us! what's going on?

Mr. Page. Haven't you heard, neighbour? Why, the Church has decided to roast Mr. Fox Turner as a heretic.

Stall-keeper. You're joking.

Mr. Page. Oh, it's a fact; here they're bringing him along in a cart. Don't you see the Bishops with him, and Alderman Lamb leading the donkey? That's Father Gadd holding the carrot before its nose. Turner looks well, doesn't he?—

*Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding behind a little jackass.*

Stall-keeper. Why, the culprit seems to like it. For all the world one would believe that he was chaffing the Bishops. [*Cart draws up.*]

Mr. Fox Turner. Before I get out I want to know whose paying for the faggots. Is Alderman Bennett or the ratepayers?

Bishop Vaughan. Peace! unhappy man, and prepare for thy doom!

Mr. Fox Turner. Well, you know, if Alderman Bennett is supplying the timber, I don't so much mind. He's a good Ritualist, and no doubt this is a glorious occasion for bringing the Churches of Rome and England into harmony. I wouldn't mind being burnt at the stake to bring about such a union. What do you say to that, Bennett?

Alderman Bennett. In the presence of the Dean of Manchester and Alderman Lamb I am silent.

Mr. Fox Turner. Just so. Then who am I to confess to, Herbert of Salford or James of Manchester? I'll leave the Dean to decide. Oh, he won't. Well, then I'm blowed if I'll confess at all!

Alderman Lamb. Oh, the heretic! Page, just get a pair of bellows and blow up the faggots; that'll bring him to his senses.

Mr. Fox Turner. It's not a bit of use, Page; you've put too many cabbage-leaves on it. Why, the fire's gone out. Hadn't you better send for Tozer? He'll get you up a good one in a crack.

Stall-keeper. Go it, old man; the roasting's coming from your side.

Bishop Vaughan. What are we to do with him? It strikes me he's getting the best of this.

Bishop Fraser. Well, I think you ought to tackle him yourself. Wouldn't Gadd do it?

Bishop Vaughan. Oh, he's too much for Gadd. If he told Gadd one of his good stories he'd kill him outright.

The two Bishops set to work to make the fire blaze.

Mr. Fox Turner. I say, Alderman King, wouldn't their lordships make good stokers at the gasworks? Go it, both Bishops, like a long metre.

Bishop Vaughan. Silence, again, thou heretic!

Mr. Fox Turner. Heretic! why you're another; isn't he, Fraser? Why, Fraser, art thou Bishop of the Diocese, or is he?

Bishop Fraser. I am.

Mr. Fox Turner. To be sure you are, and nobody else has a right to call himself a bishop in your diocese, or write letters either. [*Aside.*] "Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from his humour?" He had no business to write to the Council as bishop.

Bishop Fraser. Of course, he had not.

Bishop Vaughan. There you're wrong. I belong to an older Church than you do. You are a usurper.

Bishop Fraser. Oh, I'm not going to stand this. I get my salary for being Bishop, I work for it, and I'm blessed if I'm going to be ousted in this way. Just take hold of the tongs, Page.

Mr. Fox Turner. Fight it out, gentlemen, fight it out! And the one who wins shall be at liberty to burn me at the stake. Till then I call upon the police to protect me. Go it! I am open to bet five to one on Fraser for hard-hitting.

Tableau.—Police carrying Mr. Fox Turner off to the Town Hall to attend the Nuisance Committee. The fight between the Bishops—in the absence of the police when they're wanted—will no doubt come off another day.

NU WA OV SPELINK.

[BI A REFAWMR.]

ATNSHUN haz bin kald tu the neseseite ov edoptink sum refawms in spelink, in the kolums ov the *Xmnr and Tims*, an able nuzpapr. The korespondens in this gernerle haz clerly shon that the prant sistum ov spelink werds is rdiklus, and thros meni diffoltes in the wa ov studnts, speyale thos ov tendr yers. It iz abserd that infnts hu go tu skul shud be tot tu spel werds in wn wa, and tu pronowns thm in anuthair, and I am gled tu se that a pichun iz goink tu be sent tu the Edyonkashun Dpartmnt tu kerek this ebus. The sistum ov spelink werds bi sownd or fonografi iz the simplst in the world, bekas the infnt, hu iz abowt tu lirn tu spel, az onli got tu pronowns thos werds get az tha wurd be spokn, and thar iz no neseseite fur eni ruls or buk tu tel him or hir how thos werds shud be

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ritn down. Wot ken be mor absord thn tu set a buk befor a child, and mak it lern tu rite down sownds bi mens ov kombnashuns ov letres, wick konva no menink tu the er? It iz a grat sin ov prokres that atenshun shud be kald tu ths sbject. Fonografi, or the rt ov riting akordink tu sownd, iz, withowt dowt, the most naterel wa ov xpresink ovr thots. It kums az ezi, wen yu tak tu it, az spelink wth yer mowth. The infat hu lins tu spel in this wa haz onli got, befor ritink a werd, tu konsidr wot sort ov sownd that werd maks wen it iz pronowised, and tu spel akordink, wick iz bnefishul tu that child's mntil faktes, and savz the kost ov spelink-buks. Thar ar for sorts ov sownds wick prosed frm the humn mowth—namli, gutril, labyal, dentil, and axidentl, wick last inkluds al thos wick ar not inkluded in the utha thre. Dentil mens comink from the teth, and iz obviously (I don't no how tu spel this werd in the nu way) from a Latn werd, *dens*, a tuth. Thes werds ar thos wick ar formd bi presink the tung agens the teth, az *D*, *T*, etsetr, in werds lik *dor*, *tal*—for exampl, *opn the dor*; *yu shud not pul the kat's tal*. Nxt kum the labyals, wick ar mad bi a moshun ov the lips, wick iz awlso a Latn rut. Exampl, *P*, *B*, etsetr, for wick it iz not nesery tu giv instnsez. Lastli, the gutrlz, wick ar fawmed in the botm ov the throt. This iz derivd from anuthr Latn werd, *gutter*, mening throt; but the Romns hu spok Latn wer a barbarus peple hu did not undrstand fonografi, and put duple konsonents into thar werds, wick iz a wast ov letres, and bsids duz not luk prti. Thar iz nothink priyer thn the fonografik stile ov xpresion. The reson wi it iz so butiful tu luk at iz bekas it iz so simple, and simplisiti iz the sol of buti in al thinks. Wen this refawm is intrudsd thar wil be no mor bad spelink, and nuthink is wors than bad spelink, or awthogrfi (but I dont no how tu spel this word in the nu way, the sownds th, ph— wick iz *f*—and *sh*, etsetr, ar vere okwd to mnag, but it rekwirs praktis and studi, lik evri uthr brnch ov nolige). Bad spelink is yonsuyali a sin of a lo and vulgre mind, and a bad edyoukashun wick mit hav bin korektd in erli yuth by lerning tu spell kretli in the wa wick it is ntnded to nkulkat. But it is nevre tu lat tu mnd, and thos hus edyoukashun haz bin nglektd in this rspekt can esili get owt ov thar bad was bi aplekashun and dtrminashun to kreet those folts ov their yuth. It is hopt that in a fu yers the mvmt wick hes bin set on fut for a refawm in awthogrfi will nable uz tu bost of a jenerashun in our skuls hu kan spel thar muthre tung in a korekt and rashunle maner, and the kanz ov edyoukashun and moraliti wil be thus dvansed, and ovr litratur wil in the sam wa be purifid ov thos folts wick now rndre it such a painful studi to al pursans hu ar aktyonated bi rfnd motive and a luv of edyoukashunal progres. I hopt tu be alowd tu rtirn tu this sbject on a fyoutyour okazhun. In the mentim mi rederz wil du wel tu tak tu hart wot I hav sed, and tu studi the pyourity and simplisiti ov the sistum wick it is ntnded tu ntrodus for the ameliourashun ov the prant atoshus tretment ov that gloryus heritig from our forfathers—the English language. (N.B.—I du not no how tu spel thes werds in the nu wa, wick spoys the perorashun, but a littel praktis and xpereyns iz al that iz nesera.)

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A MINCE-PIE.

IT is with mince-pies as it is with most other human inventions, the estimation in which they are held by individuals depends on the way in which you look at them. Some people think nothing at all about mince-pies, but merely eat them in the natural course, and are ill afterwards, or not, according to the strength of their digestions. This, however, is not a philosophic method of treatment, inasmuch as nothing comes of it except the tickling of palates, and occasionally a fit of dyspepsia. It has often occurred to me that what is called perfect or unimpaired digestion, though a very happy bodily condition is the natural foe of philosophic investigation. A complacent enjoyment of life is incompatible with a study

of details. Whether it is that a perfection of bodily functions carries with it, a corresponding feebleness of mental capacity is impossible to decide dogmatically, but certain is it that if man had arrived at a knowledge of the existence of mind or soul by no other method, he must have done so by a study of the relations between his own inside and certain external objects. Now, the man who thoroughly enjoys life (*i.e.*, the sensual part of it) misses altogether this contact, and it is altogether impossible for such an one to be a philosopher or instructor. Perhaps it never occurs to those who thank God for a good digestion, appetite, and so on, to return thanks also for the defects in others; but this should clearly be a duty, because while by far the larger portion of mankind enjoy life without an original thought, they are content all the time to profit by the philosophy and instruction of the minority, whom Nature has rendered uncomfortable in order that they may understand the order of things. No one expects to get profundity of thought, speculation, or invention from healthy children who have good appetites; and the people who retain the full enjoyment of natural functions to the last are, after all, but children of a larger growth. Now, lest readers should be appalled by this somewhat dreary preface, I must remind them that every series of papers is incomplete without some introductory remarks setting forth their scope and object. It is not, however, my habit to be dreary any more than it is to be troubled with dyspepsia, only, for my own credit, I must say that my digestion is not what it was when I was a boy. I do not go about always growling and grumbling like my friend the Hypochondriac. I do not either, as a rule, eat mince-pies, or other kinds of pastry. When I do taste these things I regard it as a sort of toss up. Either I may be ill or I may not, the chances are equal. I believe, however, that during the last ten years I have never eaten a mince-pie without some mental qualms. Here, then, at once is a confirmation of my theory, for by this act of eating the pie the fact of my dual existence is brought home to me. My body says, "Eat." Mind says, "Don't eat; remember last time, and be prudent." Body says, "Yes; but the time before last it didn't hurt you." Mind says, "Well, I think I'll risk it." Down goes the pie, and the die is cast. Now, if I had had no experience of the casual ill effects of mince-pie on the system, and had gobbled up that pie, where would my dual sense be? In this roundabout philosophic sort of way I arrive at no less a fact than the immortality of the soul from the contemplation of a mince-pie, for I notice that the weaker a man's body grows, the more he thinks about it. Is this not clear evidence? The police nearly succeeded in hanging a man on less the other day. But I am in a better way of getting proof than that, for a week or two ago I ate a mince-pie at a supper party, and I woke up in the night with a great horror on me. My soul had actually gone out of my body, and was perched on the bed head. I had noticed during the evening that my soul, or mind if you like better, had a violent antipathy to mince-pies, but my body, under hard pressure by hospitable entertainers, was induced to fight against my soul and got the better of it, and this was the shabby revenge which my soul took. It was then for the first time that I was convinced of what I had sometimes suspected, *that there were three of us*. There was first a sort of essence, which I will call *me*, hovering about (I can find no better expression); then there was my body lying on the bed broad awake; and, thirdly, there was my soul perched on the bed head like a disgusted cherub. Then my soul began to talk, and threatened that it would never return until, by the use of a blue-pill or other remedy, that mince-pie should be removed. It refused, in fact, to hold any communion with mince-pie. I remember distinctly reflecting, "What in the meantime will become of me?" Then my body got up after a while, and walked to where the blue-pills are always kept, and took one and came back to bed again, and after an hour or two my soul came back to my body. Thus it is that I am able to philosophise on the alliance between body, soul, and spirit, for I have noted the connection in my own person—and this I owe entirely to a mince-pie.

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M. B. COMPTON,

Has been suffering for a lengthened period from a severe and painful malady, and is now compelled to relinquish all hopes of resuming his profession. At the earnest suggestion of many friends, private and professional,

A BENEFIT, AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Is now being organised. Mr. Chatterton, the lessee and manager, has kindly given the use of the Theatre, and the date has been fixed for Thursday Morning, March 1st, 1877.

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The programme will be published at the earliest opportunity; in the meantime it is the object of the committee to make the subscription list as large as possible. Cheques and remittances to the order of the hon. treasurer, Mr. C. W. Thompson, Guildhall, E.C., may be sent direct. A list of subscriptions received will be published from time to time in the *Evng.* All inquiries, offers of assistance, co-operation, etc., should be directed to Mr. Charles Harcourt, hon. secretary, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, S.W.

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Aquarium open all day. Fishes fed at 3-30. 'Bus every seven minutes.
Prices as usual. Children half-price.

VALENTINES, 1877.—Just Arrived, the Finest and Largest Stock in Manchester. The trade respectfully invited to inspect, at BOHANNA, TASKER, and CO.'s, 98, Market Street.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Town Clerk is in Rome for the purpose of negotiating the borrowing the Capitol to be converted into consolidated stock.

That the rumour that Sir Joseph kissed the Pope's toe is Heron-cons in toto.

That the "Yorkshireman," in the *Examiner*, who says he paints his wife's eyes with black paint whenever she gets drunk, forgets that Sir John Iles Mantell can commit a man to prison who blacks his wife's eyes.

That at the Infirmary meeting in the Town Hall, when the Bishop denounced the writer of an anonymous letter, and asked him to raise his vizor, Mr. Scott Brown took off his hat.

That Mr. Stanway Jackson looked uncommonly like the culprit, blew his nose vigorously, and blushed like a Lancashire rose.

That Mr. Goldschmidt was heard to say to Alderman King that it would be "vizor" not to say who was the writer of the letter.

That Mr. Maclure told the Bishop that the real writer was "born to blush—unseen."

That the Bishop never seems to remember how he pitches into other people from pulpits without giving them the right of reply.

That according to Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., at the day of judgment the Conservatives will represent the sheep, and the Liberals the goats.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

That the Bishop of Salford has sent a special invitation to certain newspaper writers in Manchester to hear him preach from the text, "You cannot serve Gadd and Mammon."

That folks are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that good meat from America can be had at 6d. per lb. in Manchester, and that some of the butchers who have reaped such good harvests before ought to be drawn and quartered.

That their harvests have mainly sprung from corned beef, fine in the grain.

That the old song, "Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance," has been reversed amongst the Manchester Manxmen, as Jack (Teare) has gone in for dancing, and the Rev. Mr. Gill for a long pipe after tea.

That the coat of arms of the Manxmen who believe in stumping it in future will be a cork-leg instead of the Three Legs of Man.

That the police are awfully anxious to find some more statues to be destroyed as they go wax in the plunder.

That Mr. Fox Turner has undertaken to write a parody on the late discussion in the Council, to be performed by the police, and entitled "The Fox and Mr. Superintendent Gee-se."

That at the county constabulary soiree at Belle Vue, a youthful constable was arrested—by the charms of one of the single ladies present.

That he now stands fully committed to marry her.

That the Japanese troupe at Cooke's Circus includes several Japan she's as well as he's.

That their bamboo balancing astonishes the audience—indeed, fairly bamboozles some of them.

That the famous Dwarf at the Queen's Theatre makes everybody yell, oh!

That at the private conference of the members of the Council, Alderman Willert objected to the new Town Hall being called by any other name because of its City-vation.

That the Mayor has undertaken to stand on the globe at the top of the Town Hall, and do the Christening with a bottle of Corporation port.

That nothing is to be said of his worship liquoring up—in the air.

LITERARY MUNICIPAL GOSSIP.

AT the Mayor's dinner, the other night, the Chairman of the Markets Committee quite casually quoted from Johnsoniana:—

"If a man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

"Just so," waggishly retorted the Town Clerk, "I can believe it if he was a Swede."

Alderman Bennett is well known to be the most liberal and benevolent timber merchant in the whole city. The Mayor asked him to lend him a threepenny bit, the other day, to pay his bus fare to the Rusholme Skating Rink. "I don't want you to give it me," observed his worship, and after he had got the coin he left the worthy alderman with the following neat shot from Herbert's Virtue:—

"Like seasoned timber, he never gives."

Alderman Lamb is credited with an exceedingly happy quotation. At the last Council meeting, Mr. Fox Turner sprang to his legs at least half a dozen times to contradict Alderman Bennett. Catching his opportunity, the alderman blurted out loud enough for everybody but the reporters to hear, "Great wits jump." It is needless to say that Mr. Turner, like the author quoted from, was Sterne—for once.

Alderman Baker and Mr. Fox Turner have met once at the Free Libraries Committee luncheon since the last Council meeting. The former, no doubt referring to a recent discussion, said jocularly to the latter, "I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. Of course, you know I am quoting from Le Sage." "Just so," said the imperturbable councillor; "and what is sage stuffing for the goose we have lunched on," pointing unmistakably in the direction where the alderman was picking a leg-bone, "is surely also good stuffing for the gander."

The Bishops of Manchester and Salford were at a card party in Broughton Park on Wednesday evening. Says the Bishop of Manchester,

referring to a certain city councillor, "How absolute the knave is; we must speak by the eard, or equivocation will undo us." "My lord," said the Bishop of Salford, "you wrote to the Council after everybody knew I had done the same, which was very like trumping a partner's trick."

Said Alderman — to Alderman —, "A tree is known by its fruit." "Then, judging from your blossoms, yours must be a case of cherry brandy."

Alderman Bake, the chairman of the Hackney Coach Committee, most people will be surprised to hear, is a great Shaksperian scholar. He was being driven home by a cabman who had the audacity to ask him sixpence extra, knowing the alderman was in a good humour, and cabby winked at him; and the alderman, equal to the occasion, looked for a moment grave, planted his hand upon his heart, and then murmured:—

"Good night! good night! Parting [giving a shilling, two threepenny pieces, and twopence halfpenny in coppers] is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

There has always been some difficulty in the Manchester School Board as to whether Miss Becker shall have priority in voting. The difficulty has been increased, for Canon Toole quoted Sydney Smith last week as an authority on the sexes: "Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen?"

MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

MY son, you've nothing else to do,
So listen to my tale
About the prophet Jonah, who
Was swallowed by a whale.
Was Jonah good? That question I
Must own is pertinent;
Of course he was, and that is why
I speak of the event.
If Jonah's conduct had been bad,
Like that of those around,
The story would have been most sad,
For he would have been drowned.
And serve him right for being bad?
Perhaps it might, but still
Such interruptions in a lad
Are signs of conduct ill.
If all the wicked were to die—
It is a solemn thought—
What would become of you and I,
Who are not what we ought?
And would the whale have swallowed me
Were I in Jonah's place?
I do not know, my child, you see
That is another case.
At all events — You want to know
What he was doing there?
The whale you mean, or Jonah? Oh,
In time I shall declare.
A ship from Nineveh was bound,
So runs the sacred tale,
Unto — You'd rather much be drowned
Than swallowed by a whale?
You wicked child, how can you speak
In such a wanton way?
I'll stop your money for a week,
And you shall have no play.
And till the period shall lapse
The story I'll suspend,
When you will be allowed, perhaps,
To hear it to the end.

MR. COMPTON'S BENEFIT.—In another column will be seen an advertisement of the scheme for enlisting public sympathy on behalf of the veteran comedian, Mr. Compton. The occasion should, judging from the preparations, be one to be marked with a white stone in future dramatic calendars, though unfortunately for ourselves and the gentleman on whose behalf the plea is made the event carries much sadness. Our own Theatre Royal announces, following old and kindly traditions, local co-operation in the work.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

AN ADVOCATE OF WIFE-BEATING.

A MR. W. BENNET, who lately defended a wife-beater in the Salford police-court, is clearly not trammelled with absurd notions on the subject of the relations and obligations of married life. He contended, in cross-examining the injured woman, that as she had neglected her duties the husband was quite justified in administering wholesome correction, which he did by pulling her ears until they had bled sufficiently to expiate her domestic offences. Sir John Mantell observed that he could not see the force of this line of defence, on which Mr. Bennet observed that "it had been ruled differently by the judges." Sir John Mantell then said: "I am not aware of any such decision, and it would take a very strong judicial opinion to make me alter my own. I do not believe a man has a right to lay his hands upon his wife, under any circumstances, in the way of punishment.—Mr. Bennet: That is the law.—Sir J. Mantell: If I thought that was the technical meaning of the law it would be the very last sentiment which I should express from this bench. Unhappily, there is a certain class of people in Lancashire who are too fond of using, not only their fists but their feet, upon their wives, and I should wonder at any judge or magistrate giving encouragement to such a practice, particularly in a county where it is, unfortunately, too prevalent. I repudiate entirely the doctrine which you have urged, and as long as I sit on this bench I will never give encouragement to a principle which might be so easily abused." Mr. Bennet said that he could point it out in the law books, but Sir John was not convinced, and ultimately the prisoner was bound over to keep the peace—a mysterious sentence which ought to be effectual, judging from the frequency of its infliction in such cases. This point, however, we know nothing about, nor do we know anything of Mr. Bennet. We never heard of him before in any connection whatever, and therefore may be excused for hoping that he does not carry his theories on domestic conduct into private life. We hope this for the sake of the comfort of any person of the other sex who may be bound to him by domestic ties. Surely Mr. Bennet must be as wrong in his law as he is in his moral perceptions. In Lancashire and other parts of the world there is here and there an unwritten tradition to the effect that a man's wife is a chattel, which he may pound, stab, haul about, or kick at his pleasure for any failure of duty; and Mr. Bennet's new exposition of the law will not come as a revelation to Lancashire and other roughs, but most of us have been accustomed to hold other views. It does not, perhaps, matter what Mr. Bennet thinks on any matters except to those who may immediately come in contact with him, but his opinions do not read well as part of the solemn proceedings of a court of justice. The report from which we quote seems to assume that everybody knows Mr. Bennet, and is silent as to his legal status. Whether, however, he be solicitor, attorney, or barrister, his opinions are not calculated to advance him in the estimation of an over-civilised public.

THE DEADLOCK IN THE CHURCH.

THE attitude of the different Church parties to each other being just now a source of considerable interest in Manchester, no apology is needed for the discussion of a somewhat dry topic. In the first place, it must be allowed on all hands that what are called the High Church party are irreconcilable. It is the fashion among other Churchmen to be very bitter against High Churchmen for this, and there is no scruple among a certain class of Christians, who belong to a very low-bred type, in resorting to abuse and misrepresentation. The fact is that as far as the situation has developed itself, the High Church party are logically masters of the situation. They take their stand upon rubrics as to ritual, which have never been repealed or altered. The Low Churchmen, on the other hand, though by far the most numerous section, have no such ground to stand on, but plead a systematic neglect and breaking of the law as a virtual abrogation thereof. Hence it is that the Ritualists can afford, as they do,

to leave all the bitter things to be said on the other side, while the attempt to invoke State control falls harmless. There is no question on which there is so much ignorance and misapprehension abroad as on this one of State control. Vulgar, ignorant Protestants would settle the whole matter in courts of law in delightful ignorance of the fact that no law courts have jurisdiction over the Church. An act of Parliament has been passed to enable the bishops to control the clergy, but no act of Parliament can go further than this. As long as a clergyman obeys the rubrics, the bishop who interferes with him is himself the law-breaker. Hence the strength of the High Church movement; it is utterly unassailable. We do not say that it is right that there should be schisms in the Church. It would indeed be better, for the sake of peace and quietness, that all the clergy should be as illogical as the many; but it is hard to condemn men for being logical and consistent. Here, then, we have the problem of a State Church which is not under the control of the State, in which all the so-called orthodox members are in the wrong as well as in the majority, while the consistent few are declared rebels, although they are actually in the right. What is the remedy for all this? Whatever outward form that remedy may take, or however it may be brought about, it will be called by that terrible name, "disestablishment." But, somebody observes, when the Fleet mutinised at the Nore, no one thought of separating the Navy from the State. This is a very apt illustration, for, of course, the Navy was and is nominally under the control of the State. This control, however, was an actual fact, and so the mutiny was put down, as will be the case with all future mutinies. The Army, and the legal and medical professions, are all easily controlled by the State; it is only the Church that cannot be ruled. But it may be argued that the Church is an institution altogether out of the way of such a parallel. Quite so; and this is an argument for disestablishment apart from the present deadlock. Now, apart from squabbling, we would not advocate disestablishment. The deadlock remains, and it is competent for the State to do two things: either by brute force to crush the rebellion—the rebels being all the time a strictly law-abiding company—or to attack this large majority, and drive them out because they are in the wrong. Here is a Church which can be managed by no code known to civilised communities, neither by the law of expediency, nor of the majority, nor of logic, nor of force. What is to be done with such a possession? An independent Army and Navy doing its work by contract might easily be imagined in this loyal England of ours. There is nothing absurd in the suggestion, and why not an independent Church? This seems to be the only practical remedy, and England is slowly coming round to the opinion.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. XI.

IT is with no desire of getting my services appraised beyond their value that I say the subjoined ballad has cost me more trouble than all the others put together, from the fact of its having, for what reason is now undiscoverable, been written in Latin, and Latin of the rudest kind. No doubt the readers will pardon any difficulty they may find with the somewhat peculiar rhythm and metre of the translation, when it is mentioned that I have purposely adhered faithfully to the structure of the original in order to give a clearer idea of the ancient poetic method. It is with much gratitude I acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor J. W. Maclure, teacher of French and other dead languages, without whose valuable assistance I should have been obliged to abandon the task of translation.

RATAPLAN, Rataplan,
What a funny little man
Was Councillor John Fox Turner.
He really was so witty
That he used to set the city
All a-grinning and a-laughing
With his gibing and his chaffing,
Did funny little John Fox Turner.

The city Momus he,
 Ever ready for a spree
 With Bacchus or else with Venus,
 Or firing off a speech
 Which always made you screech
 With its cutting little jokes
 All about the Council mokes,
 And the rest of that numerous genus.

I never yet did know
 Any mortal here below
 Who used such apt quotations;
 And though some people said
 That he made 'em in his head,
 Yet they certainly did look
 Just like phrases from a book
 In their place in his orations.

For, if this is not correct,
 As some people may suspect,
 I'll ask about the famous ten commandments;
 I will trouble you to show
 How he ever got to know,
 In a proper kind of way,
 What you've often heard him say
 That the Devil thought concerning these commandments.

Yet it fairly may be said
 That no person ever read
 Half the books from which he quoted,
 And as far as I can trace
 They were published in a place
 (Very much renowned to fame)
 Which it's not polite to name,
 As a Christian world has always voted.

Now, he used to cut a caper
 In a certain local paper,
 Which was really most miraculously dull;
 And I've often heard a rumour
 That the only spice of humour
 Lighting up that journal's twaddle
 Came from Mister Turner's noddle,
 From his funny little, witty little skull.

Though his jokes were often coarse
 (An opinion you'll endorse),
 The world was always very glad to hear 'em;
 Justly glad of any fun,
 Though it only were a pun
 That could brighten up the dreary,
 Long debates that made us weary
 In the Council—where he played the part of Tear'em.

For this Council, you must know,
 Was so desperately slow
 As to set the very pictures a-gaping;
 I could never understand
 How it was that such a band—
 Such a wooden-headed crew
 (As they were—except a few)
 Were our city-works allowed to set a-shaping.

As you fairly might expect,
 And will probably suspect,
 The Council didn't greatly love its joker;
 I have heard that Mister Brown
 Thought him nothing but a clown,
 And that Mister R. T. Walker,
 That wearisome old talker,
 Had very nearly struck him with a poker.

Rataplan, Rataplan,
 What a funny little man
 Was Mister J. Fox Turner;
 It was good to see him slash
 With a vigour and a dash
 At a stupid little clique,
 Or an addle-headed beak,
 For a comic little man was this Turner.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

NOVELTIES, they say, are generally attractive, and new brooms sweep clean, but it seems likely that these aphorisms will in no sense apply to an experiment which is being made in the North with meat imported from America. A shop was opened in Cross Street on Saturday last, the preliminary announcement having been made only the day before, and one result was a great rush for cheap meat. Another result was the general verdict that American beef is every bit as good as English beef, the only fault being, if fault it may be called, that the meat is rather rich. There is no question at all that American cattle are better fed than average English beasts, and it is only the artificially-nourished Christmas oxen which furnish any meat to compare with that from America. The American bullocks have the advantage, for the butcher, of being thoroughly fattened on rich and nutritious grass in the first instance, and this provender, as everybody knows, is far more satisfactory than any amount of oilcake or other substitute. The demand for this meat is already immense in Manchester and other towns—for the trade amounts to a special organisation and a gigantic conspiracy against high prices. The supply, however, promises to be quite adequate all the year round. During the winter months the carcasses can be brought over in any numbers by the use of refrigerated chambers. In summer the supply will be maintained by the slaughter in England of bullocks previously brought over alive. Two hundred and fifty such have just arrived at Liverpool, and will very soon recover condition after the voyage. The slaughtering and cutting up will be done exclusively by American butchers, on whom the projectors seem to set more store than they do on English operators. The prices of this meat will range from 4½d. to 10d. per lb.—that is to say that joints of the ribs will be sold at 6½d., sirloin 8½d., rounds in large quantities 9d., and steak 10d.; inferior portions, such as the neck and breast, 4½d. These prices compare marvellously well with those of the trade at present, and may probably be lessened. The whole experiment is a very interesting one, apart from its actual value.

Mr. T. H. French, a notorious Pothouse Protestant, addresses the following letter to a contemporary:—

"The following remarks were made by our Protestant champion, Mr. Butler, to an overflowing congregation at St. Silas's last evening, which I ask you kindly to publish in your valuable paper. As I took down in writing the rev. gentleman's observations, I can vouch for the accuracy of the following: 'I for one,' remarked Mr. Butler, 'shall not be associated with those men who are about to hold a mongrel mission—a mission which will be dishonouring to God, at the same time insulting to the intelligence of all real Protestants.' 'Here we have,' said Mr. Butler, 'a Dean who, while he grossly insults us by calling us Pothouse Protestants, does not hesitate to turn the Cathedral into a mass house. I say, beware of such serpents.' Would to God, sir, we had many such noble Protestants as this man of God who so faithfully occupies the pulpit at St. Silas's."

Were we in the habit of using the name of God profanely we should thank Him that Mr. French is only a phenomenon in our midst, and pray to Him that the breed may not be increased. As to the "Protestant champion," Mr. Butler, if he chooses to use the language of a costermonger, that is nothing to any one outside his own congregation so long as his remarks are not chronicled every week by a Christian more offensive than himself.

At the Prince's Theatre, the other night, silly persons who are in the habit of greedily encoring everything on the stage which pleases them, might have learnt a useful lesson. The clever and fatiguing performance of Messrs. Canfield and Booker was, of course, encored and redemanded, upon which one of these entertainers, advancing to the footlights, made a short speech to the following effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, we beg to thank you for the reception which you have given to our efforts, but you seem to be under a misconception. What we do seems to please you very much, but you should understand that we do not do it for money, but

entirely for pleasure." He thereupon turned a somersault, and disappeared. Strange to say there were no signs of shame among the audience. Perhaps this may be only a piece of music-hall gag—we cannot say, as we cannot go to the theatre every night—but unintentionally or not, it hits the mark. The people who insist on *encores* are usually very thickskinned, as all stupid people are. It would be as useless to remind them that persistent *encores* are nearly always evaded by rendering the first performance shorter as it would be to appeal to them on the score of fairness.

A practical endeavour to do good is noticed in the establishment of the Manchester Women's Institute. The social condition of the great mass of working young women, or "young ladies," as it is the fashion to call them, has often been recognised as a cause of unlimited wretchedness in large towns. We are not, at the same time, of those who consider that young women are wicked and flighty because they do not find their enjoyment after a hard day's labour in going home to their friends like good girls. Many of them do not find this congenial; they crave for something a little more exciting—something which shall partake of recreation as well as relaxation. Too often this desire, natural in itself and hardly to be blamed, has a bad fulfilment. The world is hard, and does not take account of innocent cravings, and is full of snares on the one hand and conventionalities on the other. Then, again, there are many who have not even the alternative of possessing "friends" in the social sense. Can it be wondered at that these young women, who are not made of different clay from other folks, should lapse into paths which are at least unprofitable? It is to meet this case, or these cases, that a council of Christian ladies have established an "institute" at No. 13, Princess Street, Albert Square, to which young women can be admitted almost by a nominal subscription. The advantages will be similar to those afforded by young men's institutes—namely, opportunities of reading and writing, and of social intercourse and amusement. Lists of lodgings, an office for inquiry and registration, and general advice and assistance, as well as refreshments of a mild sort, such as young ladies are supposed to be content with, take up part of the programme. The experiment, whether destined to succeed or not, is a kind one founded on laudable motives. For our part we do not see why it should not succeed, though we fear that there will be always some young ladies whose leisure longings will not wholly be satisfied by unlimited tea and gossip.

Mr. F. B. Egan, traditionally known in theatrical circles as Barney Egan, is dead. Personally known to a large number of Manchester folks who are not yet old enough to forget the traditions of their youth, Mr. Egan holds the place of a father of the Manchester stage. His connection with the old and new Queen's Theatres, and also with the Theatre Royal, is still a theme of some glory and many genial and jovial anecdotes among old stagers. The inauguration of the Prince's Theatre, with its new method of catering for the public by the departure from the old grooves, brought Mr. Egan's career here to a close. He has lately been pursuing his profession in London. He leaves behind him a daughter who is an accomplished actress, and who has gained favourable opinions on our local stage; and Mrs. Egan is also an actress of considerable repute, so that in this case the old, old artist's tale of a kind and somewhat erratic life ending in destitution and bitter bread for others has not happily in this case to be told.

For the Manchester Cup this year we learn that the magnificent sum of £1,000 is to be given. This is as it should be. It would be a pity for Manchester to remain behind the rest of the world in the matter of improving the breed of horses. Any one who is aware of the humanising and truly beneficial influence of the sport of horse-racing on the community will be pleased at this circumstance, which we have great pleasure in recording. Under the influence of the genial spirit of the turf, a number of gentlemen pursue in our midst their unostentatious course,

prosecuted occasionally by an unthinking and brutal law, but consoled and encouraged on their way by the consciousness of high mental culture, generous refinement, promiscuous benevolence, and unshrinking honesty. Considered in this light, such an institution as the turf is a creditable one to any country, and all earnest Christians should pray that it may flourish. Sporting papers please copy.

Mr. Cawley, M.P., notices that a joke which is attempted to be made on the name of Lord Beaconsfield, in one of the pantomimes, is neither cheered nor hissed by the audience. Hence, says Mr. Cawley, we may clearly learn how popular is Lord Beaconsfield in the estimation of the public, for this, says he, is a type of the way in which the public opinion is expressed about the noble earl. Just so. The public showed no enthusiasm at the joke for the simple reason that they did not understand it. The want of enthusiasm with reference to Lord Beaconsfield may be similarly explained.

It is worth noting that the song, "Haul on the Bowline," which is sung by Mdlle. Fanchita, in "Sindbad," and which is advertised by a publisher as "new and original," is, in fact, a chant which has been familiar to sailors time out of mind, and used by them as a "shanty" or song to help them in pulling on the ropes. The strain will be familiar to any people who have made voyages in ocean clippers, as it has been borne cheerily on their ears through the storm into the snug cabin; and the wonder is that this and some more airs, containing much quaint melody and originality, have not before been caught up and popularised.

Our contemporary, the *Leigh Chronicle*, by virtue perhaps of its situation in a centre of great political activity, seems more successful in drawing blood than the generality of weekly papers. Any one who writes in that journal, or speaks in the district for which it caters, would do well to pay heed to his words, since it is certain they will be weighed and tested, and when disagreeable to partisans on the one side or the other will, if possible, be contradicted. This is the fate which has overtaken Mr. T. T. Hayes, junior, who, in a masterly paper read at a recent Liberal meeting, dared to take in vain the name of a "Canon of Manchester Cathedral." Mr. Hayes, it appears, was speaking on the subject of temperance Tories and their votes, and he seems to have questioned the backbone of the temperance Tories, contending that most of them would in the hour of trial vote for their party against their principles. He quoted, as an example, the well-known case of the Rev. Canon Woodhouse, now the rector of St. Andrew's Parish, Manchester, who, albeit a pronounced social reformer and office-holder in many temperance societies, went over to Blackburn to vote in favour of a brewer, and the owner of many beerhouses in that town, an illiterate man, ignorant of politics, but (or consequently) a Tory, and this many months after his connection with Blackburn had ceased, and when the said Tory candidate could no longer in any sense be the representative of his local interests. Mr. Hayes appears to have made a mistake in saying that the Canon's name remained on the register by a "fluke," as Mr. Woodhouse shows, in a letter to the *Leigh Chronicle*, wherein, in righteous indignation at the idea of any imputation being cast upon his "political honour," he clearly demonstrates that up to a date six weeks after he travelled from Manchester to Blackburn to record his vote for Mr. Thwaites he was legally entitled to do so. Canon Woodhouse's defence would have been perfect if he had been arraigned in a police court on a charge of malversation as a trustee. Inasmuch, however, as the gravamen of the fault laid at his door is that he, as a clergyman, and a patron and promoter of temperance, gave up the interests of his parish for a day that he might do his little utmost to send a Brewer and Beerhouse-owner to legislate upon the liquor laws, his remarks are not to the purpose. Canon Woodhouse's offence is the more rank that he gave his vote not against a Rowdy Radical or Desperate Disestablisher, but against a sound Churchman, social reformer, and moderate politician like himself in the person of Mr. J. T. Hibbert.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 9d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

GRIEVANCES OF A PHILANTHROPIST.

THE following communication from Mr. W. Aronsberg, optician and philanthropist, speaks for itself:—

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—I have long had it in my mind to write to call in your valuable assistance in alleviating what is really a great grievance to me. You have at different times devoted some part of your space to my affairs, and I have never grumbled because I know that it is the portion of a philanthropist to be abused in this world. It is not at all that which I object to, but the pertinacious way in which the *Manchester Courier* and other journals will go on inserting paragraphs in my praise. These paragraphs can have but one result—namely, the increase of my worldly substance, and that is by no means what I desire. In doing my good works I have constantly before me the object of enjoying in another, and I trust a better world, the fruits of the seed which I sow here on earth. If I reap all the fruit here in the shape of an extra sale of paltry merchandise, which is so much rubbish, how can I expect to be gloriously rewarded hereafter also? Now, look at this paragraph from the *Courier*, and I would ask if this is the sort of way to treat a philanthropist who has Heavenly aspirations?

"THE POOR SCHOOLBOY'S FRIEND.—Mr. W. Aronsberg, optician, of Victoria Street, Manchester, who has well earned this title by a long course of practical philanthropy, during which he has presented many thousands of valuable prizes to educational establishments all over the country, is again busy, we notice, with his good work. Since the advent of the new year he has sent contributions of mathematical and drawing instruments to schools in various localities in all parts of the kingdom, which have been gratefully accepted. Though he has previously sent useful and costly gifts to many educational and charitable institutions in the metropolis, we observe that he has just given a number of prizes, through the Lord Mayor of London, to the Blue-coat and other schools. Such a practical generosity is worthy of all praise."

Now, sir, it is a week since that paragraph appeared, and the money (so much dross) which I have taken across the counter since its appearance has been in excess of that which I received in previous weeks. As an optician, this, of course, should glad my heart; but as a philanthropist, it dulls my soul, and makes me feel that my Heavenly reward is further off than ever. Since these enthusiastic writers will continue in mistaken kindness to write about my benevolent actions, I can only make my appeal through you. When I gave away those mathematical and other gifts (which are vain things) to those poor schoolboys, I was thinking only of the reward hereafter. Now, I have got it here, because the paragraph has been copied into the London journals, and people residing there send orders for merchandise (which is mere rubbish), and my pockets are enriched. A man, however, cannot, as they say, eat his cake and have it too. It is a good thing to be rewarded in this life, but it is a better to be rewarded in the next. When I ponder over this grievance of mine, it seems to me that it never will be removed in this life; and I even fear, from something let drop by the Bishop of Salford the other day,* that this life may not see the end of it, for I gather that the paragraphs in the *Courier* are read there with considerable interest.—Apologising for this long letter,† and hoping for your kind influence and prayers, I am, yours philanthropically,

W. ARONSEBERG, Optician.

* We do not know what our correspondent means. † Not at all.

TO-NIGHT will take place the annual tea party of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, an excellent and interesting institution. Mr. Birley, M.P., will kindly preside, as it is manifestly desirable that the meeting should have a chairman in entire possession of his faculties. Tea will be at six o'clock, and will be succeeded by entertainments suited to the occasion. Curiosity alone should stimulate the public to the buying of tickets, which may be purchased for 1s. 6d. of Mr. Roworth, St. Ann's Square; Mr. Hale, Cross Street; or of the Rev. G. A. W. Downing, 6, John Dalton Street.

THE REV. KNOX LITTLE AND THE MISSION.

WITHOUT insulting the Low Churchmen of Manchester by putting them on the same level with the rabid Protestants whom we are glad to see they repudiate, we may yet remark on the exceeding shallowness and want of charity which has characterised their proceedings with reference to Dean Cowie, the Rev. Knox Little, and the Mission. Any one coming to Manchester without previous knowledge of the nature of the Mission, and of the parties engaged in the discussion, would be prone to think that the Mission was a purely sectarian or even political movement got up for the purpose of indoctrinating the masses with certain opinions on strictly party grounds. We in Manchester know that this is not so, and that the object of the Mission is the conversion of souls to Christ. Although this professes to be nothing but a humorous and satirical journal, the speaking of these things is occasionally unavoidable. The existence of a missionary movement is a clear proof that many earnest and good men see the necessity for efforts in the way of conversion of souls to Christ. Dean Cowie sees it; the Rev. Knox Little sees it; and we suppose the Low Church party also see it. The task fell upon Dean Cowie of selecting for the work in connection with the Cathedral the most earnest worker and the most powerful preacher whom he could find. Now, giving the Low Church party all credit for earnestness, it must at the same time be owned that their ranks contain no such effective preacher as Mr. Little. It is all very well to praise simplicity and earnestness, but these, as most people are aware, are quite compatible with the talking of nonsense, or of platitudes. What was wanted for the work was a preacher whose words should carry conviction; and looking about for such an one, Dean Cowie found him among the High Church, and not the Low Church, party. This seems to be the petty grievance which has aroused such a temporary storm against the Dean. It cannot be supposed that any one expects Mr. Little to talk to people in want of conversion about candles, incense, the real presence, and so on. Nor will any expect the very vulgar and blind among the so-called Protestants accuse Dean Cowie of dishonesty. The affair merely dwindles into a contemptible exhibition of jealousy, which shows itself entirely regardless of those unselfish motives which alone ought to underlie Christian work. Dean Cowie and the Rev. Knox Little have our hearty sympathy—the one as a faithful Christian ecclesiastic, and the other as a powerful and earnest worker of good.

THOSE WICKED LIBERALS.

If Russia goes to war with Turkey the Liberals of this country will have to answer for it at the day of judgment.—Mr. Ambrose, Q.C.

EXCUSE us if henceforth we take
The words which you pronounce ill;
You gabble but for talking's sake,
A silly thing in Counsel.
Such stupid sayings are but fudge,
If not for sorry fudge meant;
'Tis clear you'll never be a judge
This side the day of judgment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Old Josh.—It is too late to wish you the compliments of the season, but W.P.B. greets you as almost its oldest friend. The verses shall appear next week.

A. C. H.—You deem your remarks "instructive." So did the young gentleman who tried to teach his granny to suck eggs; but the old lady was, as it happened, acquainted with the process, which she had practised in her giddy youth.

Anxiety.—You ask when it is going to appear. It will never appear any more, having disappeared, going the way of all waste paper.

About them Chips, W. A. B.—Much obliged; but we are not at present in want of assistance. W. C., Droughton.—What do you mean about terms? Is it an advertisement? It would hardly pay you to advertise such rubbish; but that is your look out.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have the Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 8s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s., at 4, Birmingham-st., London-rd.

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